



## A BANK HOLIDAY CIRCUS.

Horseman. "WILL YER JUST KETCH 'OLD OF THEM BLOOMING REINS AND STOP 'IM! I 'AVEN'T A 'AND TO SPARE, AND I WANT TER GET ORF!"

## UTOPIA UNLIMITED.

[“When I was at Norfolk Island it was the only part of the British Dominions which was under the absolute rule of a Governor—it was a sort of absolute sovereignty. Twelve damsels were told off each day as my cooks, twelve more as parlourmaids . . . All adults over seventeen were members of the House of Commons . . . When there was a marriage each party received a gift of twenty-five acres of land. They wanted the amount reduced to twelve and a-half acres apiece, and I immediately made a law to that effect.”—Earl Carrington.]

O, WHO would be the Governor that governs Norfolk Isle?  
Who could perpetrate existence  
When removed to such a distance  
From the pleasure  
That one's leisure

Should beguile?

Sing wey! the little island in the centre of the sea,  
As far away from everywhere as anywhere can be,  
Where all the little islanders are *minus* L. S. D.  
Sing wey! the little—wo! the little island.

O, I would be the Governor that governs Norfolk Isle,  
Most desirable of spotlets,  
Most delectable of dotlets,  
Where the bowers  
Gay with flowers

Ever smile.

Sing hey! the little island in the centre of the sea  
Where every little islander can write himself M.P.  
And each is merry as a grig—whatever that may be—  
Sing hey! the little—ho! the little island.

A dozen little damsels would be cooking for their guest,  
And be busily devising  
Little menus appetising,  
Dainty dishes,  
Soups and fishes,  
And the rest.

A dozen more, immaculate in aprons and in caps,  
Would be waiting on me ever,  
And with diligent endeavour  
To be handy  
With the brandy  
Or the schnapps.

And if I didn't like a law, no need for me to waste  
Precious time in agitation  
To secure its alteration:  
I'd just change it,  
And arrange it  
To my taste.

Sing hey! the little island in the centre of the sea,  
As different from everything as anything can be,  
It's just the very sort of place for autocratic me—  
Sing hey! the little—ho! the little island.

In answer to a general complaint that poets find a difficulty in getting a rhyme for KITCHENER, Mr. Punch produces a specimen couplet:

South Africa has now been patched by KITCHENER,  
'Twas he, in fact, that put the final stitch in her.

## A PUNCH STAFF-COLLEGE.

[At University College School (Head Master, Mr. LEWIS PATON, formerly Captain of Shrewsbury) a prize has been given for a series of cartoons, the Masters being the models. It was won by a son of Mr. A. S. BOYD, whose work is familiar to the readers of *Punch*.]

PATON, your hand! I never thought  
That in our midst we had a School  
Where adolescence might be taught  
So charmingly to play the fool!

Not since, by far Trinacria's shore,  
Great DIONYSIUS held the throne,  
Has Art enjoyed such license, or  
So suave a "tyrant" set the tone.

Your hand, I say! and here's my heart  
(Warm with the afterglow of lunch)  
That yearns to hymn your glorious part  
As patron of a School for *Punch*.

In one dear scene our lots were cast,  
Where Severn nursed her old renown,  
And still the unforgotten past  
Outwears the pedagogic gown.

Else how should you so well disarm  
The schoolboy at his wanton game,  
And take from sin its secret charm  
By stamping it with virtue's name?

But here is genius! here a touch  
Of what the gods alone bestow;  
For, while Salopia taught you much,  
She never taught you this, I know.

Nay, if my memory plays me true,  
The scheme to which your tastes are wed  
Directly stultifies the view  
Held by our venerated Head.

For, had our young Hellenic sense  
On fancy-portraits been employed,  
We should have earned a recompense  
Other than that of Master BOYD.

Discovered, from his awful seat,  
Limning the Chief in furtive wise,  
Whatever promise marked the feat,  
Ten "penals" would have been our prize!

Forgive me, if I call from sleep  
Indecorous thoughts of days long done;  
You have your dignity to keep,  
While I have, obviously, none.

Yet though, in life's estranging maze,  
At sterner tasks you toil and spin,  
Our common love of laughter's ways  
Leads me to hope you count me kin!

And if in "letters more humane"  
You've passed my little range of skill  
I like to think your ampler brain  
Approves an art humaner still.

Macte! and ever may the round  
Of graver duties leave you free  
So to support a training-ground  
Of younger TENNELS yet to be.

O. S.

## "IL Y EN A TOUJOURS UN AUTRE."

(As illustrated by plots recently unfolded on the London stage.)

"Yes," yawned BEN HUR, to whom ULYSSES, grown curiously fat and Elizabethan withal, had been relating his adventures with CALYPSO, "something of the kind happened to me. A little Egyptian person, one IRAS—understand this was before I was married——"

"My wife was at home," chuckled ULYSSES, depressing one eyelid slightly, "singing the songs of mine own land. By my troth, but that my admirable dexterity of wit delivered me, good master BEN——"

"I trust your wife was not young," interrupted the Count MALATESTA, gloomily; "my FRANCESCA, alas——"

"Sir," said Colonel BONHAM, of the Eleventh United States Cavalry, "shake hands across the sea. I just expect we've had trouble of that sort down in Arizona."

"Why in the name of FELIX POUBELLE shouldn't she have been young?" exclaimed the Marquis of QUEX, jauntily; "mine was—oh, it's you, GEORGE—GIOVANNI, I mean. I beg your pardon. Poor devil! The middle ages were no place for the middle—ahem! for those in the prime of life."

"Aha, milord! And how's MURIEL?" inquired SAPHO. "That nice young man of hers returned from Hong Kong yet?"

"You must be aware, my dear lady," replied his lordship, "that it's not the least use your paying your addresses to me."

"My wife," began the gentle voice of Mr. MARK EMBURY, "was to have been young, but unfortunately the best laid schemes of mice and men——"

"So sweet of you to furnish a house for 'em!" laughed SAPHO. "*Hélas!* why did I never meet a philanthropist!"

"I never met anyone," remarked a military gentleman, severely, "until I met the Hon. Mrs. GEORGE D'ALROY; and all the time I was in India, fighting with the sword which, you will remember, she bravely tried to buckle to my belt at the end of Act II.——"

"Please don't!" they all cried; "no doubt you're much properer than any of us, and all that—but you were only a revival, you know."

## AN UNCONVENTIONAL COURTIER.

It's meself that's the subject both loving and loyal,  
And it's EDWARD's me sovereign, right noble and royal,  
But should he be passing—you'd wonder at that—  
Begorra! it's I wouldn't take off me hat!

I love him, it's true, and I fear him as well,  
But—would you believe me?—it's truth that I tell—  
If EDWARD the Emperor came here to-day  
Wid an escort of princes, I'd get in his way!

Now EDWARD and me, we are very dear friends,  
And when he's wid me, it's himself that unbends;  
But bedad it's the truth, that I never will sing,  
No matter who bids me to—"God save the KING."

It's familiar I am with the KING, and I dare  
To reply to his glance with a good honest stare.  
You others who meet him, must curtsy or bow;  
Well—I only give him a friendly bow-wow!

JACK, KING'S TERRIER.

HOLIDAY TIME.—If "ignorance be bliss," then when all the schools are closed what a perfect Paradise France ought to be! Only, would it not be quite a "Fools' Paradise?"

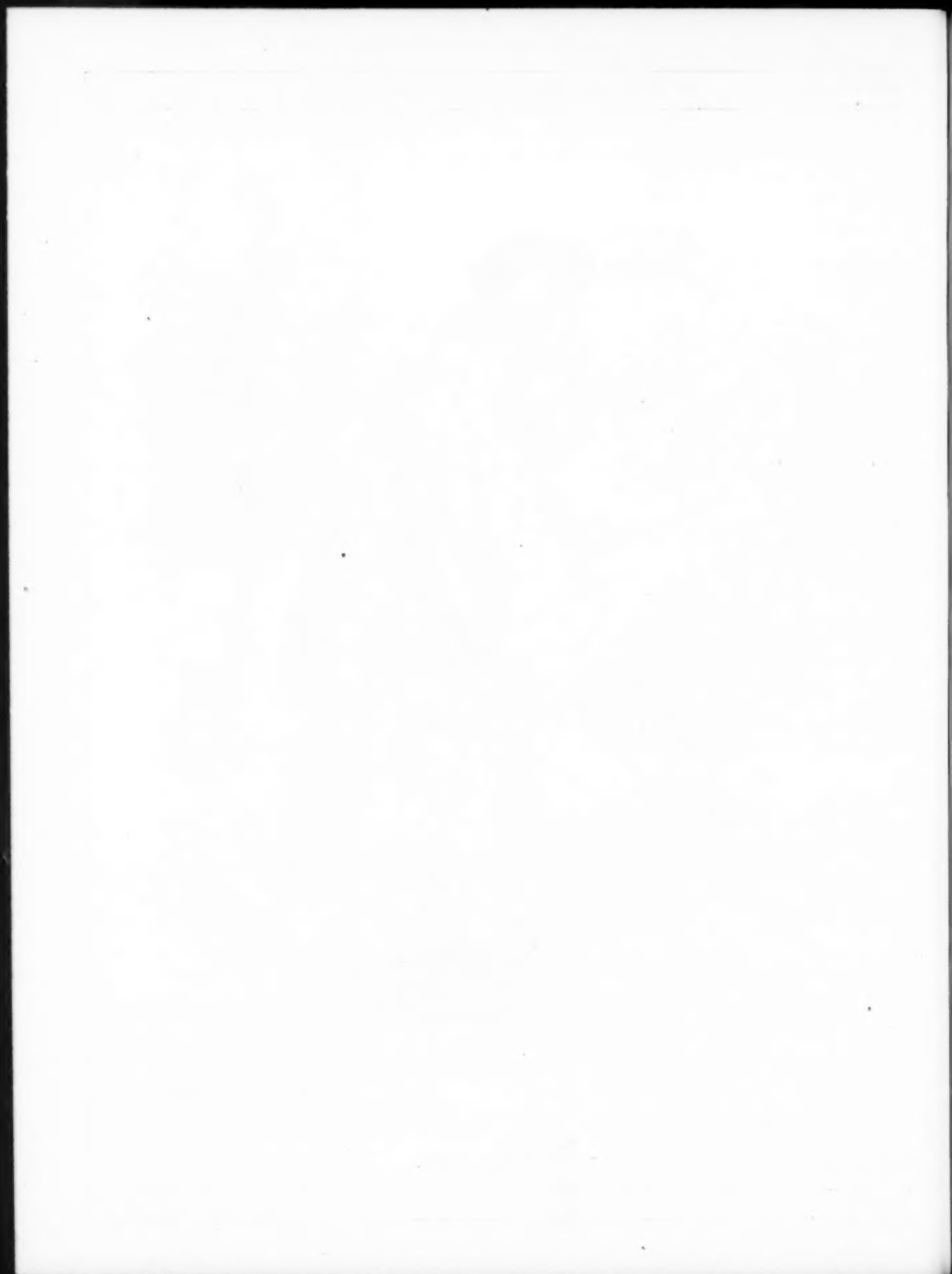
SATISFACTORY.—We are glad to be able to report that the gentleman who one day last week, while walking on the bank of the Thames near Henley, fell in with a friend, is doing well. His companion is also progressing favourably.



Bernard Partridge

**BROKEN BARRIERS.**

Mandarin. "WHAT! NO MORE PEECEE LIKIN? ALLEE LITEE! PLENTY OTHER WAY CAN CATCHEE DOLLAR CHOP CHOP!"





## THE CRITIC'S TEMPTATION.

["C. K. S." in *The Sphere*, complains that publishers bribe authors to write introductions to works towards which they have no special affinity. He adds: "If I were asked to write an introduction to DARWIN'S *Origin of Species*, although the subject is one on which I am grotesquely ignorant, I should not hesitate to accept the offer."]

It is the modern critic's aim

To mould his work to any sample;

He'll tackle any task you name,

If but the recompense is ample!

No field can claim his sole regard,

Through all he moves, a casual roamer;

He'll edit any kind of bard,

From Mr. AUSTIN back to HOMER!

He's docile as the chaperon

Obtained on hire from Mr. WHITELEY;

No author, famous or unknown,

But he will "introduce" politely!

Yet blame him not because he's built

No statelier fabric of ambition;

Place on the publisher the guilt,

His sin is one of great "commission"!

Before his fat and tempting fees,

Alas! the critic's soul must grovel,

Ranging from SPENCER'S syntheses,

Through DARWIN, to the modern novel!

And thus the critic plays the game

According to the price provided;—

I wonder if his praise or blame

Is in the self-same way decided?

## CHARIVARIA.

OFFICIAL news of the late Indian Mutiny has now reached the India Office, and a monument is to be erected at Delhi.

The Foreign Office has been chaffing the India Office about this. The Waima Affair has been settled by the Foreign Office within nine years of the incident.

An appeal has been published in the Berlin Press for the purpose of promoting better relations between England and Germany. The KING wishes for no better relation than the German EMPEROR.

The Continent is much upset because we will not allow Dr. LEYDS to return to South Africa. If Dr. LEYDS thinks this over he will find it is not exactly a compliment.

Mr. HEALY would rather be ruled by the SULTAN than by EDWARD THE SEVENTH. This places a new weapon in the hands of our Government. Should the SULTAN ever again prove recalcitrant in political matters, we shall be able to threaten to present him with Mr. HEALY.

Mr. HALL CAINE has signed a contract



Elderly Don Juan. 'NEXT WEDNESDAY IS MY BIRTHDAY, AND ALL MY LADY ACQUAINTANCES HAVE PROMISED ME SOMETHING. WHAT WILL YOU—AH—ER—GIVE ME, MISS BLOUNT?'  
Miss Blount. "A MIRROR."

for the manufacture of a new novel by next year. One of the conditions is that it shall be another work of genius.

Our Dumb Friends' League was thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the report that a young officer in the Second Life Guards at Windsor had had his Kit wantonly destroyed.

The series of manœuvres instituted by the Admiralty to test the effect of one Destroyer colliding with another continues. By a curious paradox this time the *Thrasher* got the worst of it.

"Ruffianising Manchuria" is a misprint in one of our newspapers which is causing some annoyance in Russia.

The inquiry into the Victoria Street fire has closed. It has established the fact that at present all is WELLS, rather than well, with the Brigade.

Meanwhile the feeling is gaining ground that, until the Brigade is improved, we had better give up having fires.

The authorities, it is said, would not have been so upset at the fires at Sandhurst, had they not occurred in the hot weather, when they were entirely unnecessary.

A commission has been appointed to proceed to South Africa to ascertain whether Martial Law was Partial Law.

## A DITTY OF CHAMPAGNE.

THIS is the fellow for strut and swagger :—  
 With his tilted sword and his rakish dagger,  
 And his breast as gay as a herald's tabard,  
 And his cloak caught up on the long sword's scabbard,  
 And the fine hose fashioned for summer weather,  
 And the cap aflame with its red cock's feather,  
 And the doublet slashed into purple gashes,  
 And a fluttering hint of his gold-edged sashes,  
 And the long red shoes with their pointed toes,  
 Out and about and back he goes ;  
 Swaggers, his hair all crisp and curled,  
 And the ends of his saucy moustaches twirled,  
 Free to the edge of the happy world.  
 And hark to the echoes rolling, rolling  
 To the song that the beggar's voice is troling :—  
 "All good fellows of each degree,  
 Hurry and join my company !  
 Show me your souls and I'll give them wings,  
 Crown them, sceptre them, make them Kings.  
 Roistering, flashing, and all zig-zagging,  
 Off we go with our tongues a-wagging ;  
 And each of our band, when he meets another,  
 Salutes him straight as his heart's own brother.  
 Take but a look, and, your minds on fire,  
 Each of you owns his dear desire ;  
 Laughs for it, hugs it, always sought it,  
 But never found it and never bought it,  
 Until, with a smile that pierced right through him,  
 And a wave of my hand, I gave it to him."  
 Then swift he summons to meet your need  
 A curvetting flame-eyed chestnut steed ;  
 And before you have time to think or stammer,  
 The world flies by that his hoof-beats hammer,  
 And you on his back, with your knees set tight,  
 And your being a blaze of golden light,  
 Off and away with the steed's mad flight,  
 Reckless of all that the rush may bring,  
 Off you clatter and on you swing.  
 Back rolls memory's curtain, back,  
 And it's gold, pure gold, that was once mere black.  
 Golden visions of golden hours  
 Spent in a garden of rich red flowers,  
 Where warm to your throbbing breast you fold  
 A wonderful girl with a heart of gold.

This is the fellow for me, and I, Sir,  
 I wouldn't change him for King or Kaiser.  
 Wherever his swaggering steps go free  
 He may count me one of his company.

"Tis."

## MORE NATURE STUDY.

WE are moved by the present Exhibition at Regent's Park to suggest the following Objects, among others, for Study and Investigation during the coming holidays :—

1. *The Note of the Curfew.* Budding ornithologists, fresh from town, should be on the *qui vive* in remote country districts where this curious and plaintive metallic monotone may still be heard on quiet evenings. It must not be confounded with the Boom of the Bittern, the Lay of the Nest-egg, the Drone of the Battle-Dor, the Hum of the Hum-Bug, and like vespertinal sounds.

2. *The Different Kinds of Hopper.* Much instruction may be derived from a comparison of the Grass, Sand, Cheese, Dancing, and Whitechapel varieties. The last, of which many sub-families are present in Kent and Sussex during the last weeks of summer, should be studied from a distance, as they are generally unsafe to handle, and resent examination.

3. *The Length of a Rustic "Mile."* Its precise value has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained, and undying fame awaits the Nature-student who can reduce it exactly to commensurate terms. The common carrier, the wayside stone-breaker, the local fly-man, the *bonâ fide* traveller (on Sundays), and many others, all give widely discordant estimates.

4. *The Parish Pump.* There is an opportunity here for inquirers to arrive at the true inwardness of the wealth of political allusion and literary tradition with which this familiar object has been invested. It may turn out, after all, to rest upon an unsound and rotten basis, like the Village Pound, the Stocks, and other moss-grown institutions.

5. *The Rural Milkmaid.* Considerable doubts have lately been expressed, in spite of the poets, as to the continued existence of any specimens of this genus in England, and it is a point, therefore, which Nature students might take upon themselves to clear up. Light might incidentally be thrown upon the smock frock and the agricultural labourer himself, both now believed to be extinct.

## OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

SIR GEORGE R. SITWELL, Bart., F.S.A., in one among many interesting papers by various authors contained in *The Ancestor*, a Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry, and Antiquities, No. 1 (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.), tells us how "The first gentleman to whom a monument was erected was JOHN DAUNDLYON, of Margate, who died about 1445." Margate has something of which to be proud : and those who know Thanet will remember that the name of DANDELION, so spelt now-a-days, is that of a considerable farming property in the island. This is a small matter, but it happened to catch the eye of the Baron, to whom anything relating to this annexe of Kent is particularly interesting.

To commence the volume is an article written by the Earl of MALMESBURY, that ought to be of the utmost interest to everyone acquainted with *Mrs. Gamp* and *Betsy Prig* (in CHARLES DICKENS'S *Martin Chuzzlewit*), entitled "Some Anecdotes of the Harris Family." Do we not all remember (are not the words deeply graven on the tablets of our memory?) how *Betsy Prig* impugned *Sairey Gamp's* veracity, when *Betsy*, "shutting her eye still closer, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words : 'I don't believe there's no sich a person !'"

This article in *The Ancestor* is the vindication of *Sairey Gamp*, and puts utterly to the rout the "Bragian" audacity of the superciliously incredulous *Betsy*. This most interesting paper is aptly illustrated with photographs, not always of the clearest, from portraits by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, and others ; while in disproof of the impudent Prigian assertion, there stands out the *vera effigies* of Mrs. HARRIS herself ("Mrs. JAMES HARRIS" she was, to be strictly accurate, "wife of JAMES HARRIS, M.P.") after the painting by JOSEPH HIGHMORE. *À propos* of illustrations, there is one excellently printed in colours "of the deepest dye," representing "*Roundel of Stained Glass, with Arms of Lyte and Horsey.*" To the superficial but ready-witted reader (who might be inclined to ask "Who was Roundel?") it may be necessary to explain that this illustration of "Arms" does not represent them as those of some jockey celebrated in his day as being the very model of a boy "Lyte and Horsey," but is one of several representations of "Heraldic Glass from Lytes Cary," pictorially instructing the readers of an article on this subject, by SIR H. MAXWELL-LYTE, K.C.B. Ancient lights could have no better exponent of their history than this modern shining LYTE. Well is it that *The Ancestor* is a quarterly ; this number, issued in April, has lasted the Baron till August, and even now he has read but a third of its peculiarly interesting contents. The Baron

awaits *Ancestor* No. 2, to join the unique *Ancestor* now in his possession. He has been informed that the second *Ancestor* is already "out." The authority for this statement being unexceptionable, the Baron can only add that when he may have the pleasure of receiving it, he shall place it on an ancestral shelf in his ancestral hall, where it will only be disturbed when the maid, having tidied up the ashes of the grate, shall herself return to dust—the book-shelves belonging to

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

#### HARD LUCK.

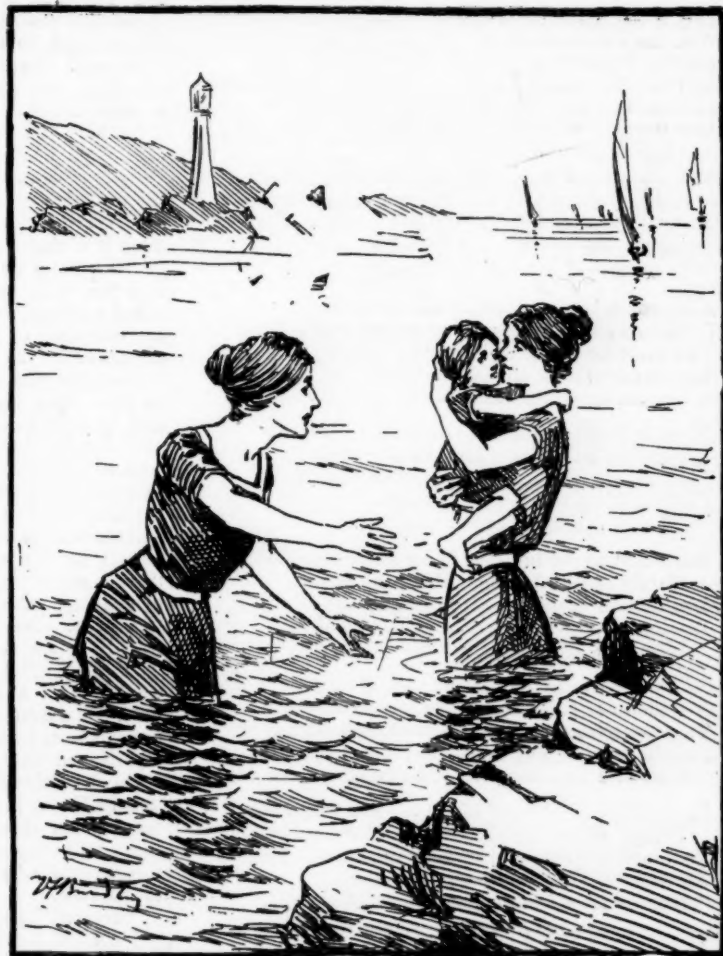
HARD luck! to lose the toss at first,  
And, after they had done their worst,  
Hard luck, once more, to have to bat  
Upon a pitch as bad as that.  
And then, to spoil our chance again,  
Hard luck, indeed, that it should rain.  
Hard luck, the catches that we dropped;  
Hard luck, the boundary hits they  
stopped.

And luck as hard as well could be  
That we should lose at last by three;  
While—hardest luck of all—the test  
Proved the Australian team the best.

#### THE APPRECIATIONS OF ALGERNON.

[Mr. SWINBURNE's remarkable *Quarterly* article on DICKENS, referred to in the last issue of *Punch*, is to be followed, we understand, by another on THACKERAY. From the extracts appended, it will be seen that this second paper will be marked by the same graceful distinction of style.]

Of all the authors who have enriched, or might potentially have enriched—had their intellectual capacities attained to greater dimensions or had their transitory sojourn upon this planet been protracted to a date considerably subsequent to that actually marking the natural or unnatural termination of their so-called lives—the English language, to which there's a verb belonging if you hark back somewhere to the beginning of the sentence, few have evoked a more superabundant ecstasy of conglomerate and agglutinate, as opposed to distinct and individual, enthusiasm than the novelist whose works, if such a term may be employed without conspicuous impropriety, I am about, if my lungs hold out, to criticise. As any person whose percipient, aesthetic, and analytical faculties are not markedly inferior to those possessed by blackbeetles, larks, and similarly mentally deficient animals will opine, to compare, contrast, or in any measure or degree to bring into juxtaposition with the view to formulating ultimately a literary estimate which a bob-tailed baboon would not necessarily dismiss as inconsequent and absurd, the novels, tales, or other literary productions of



"BUT, DARLING, YOU USED NOT TO CRY IN YOUR BATH. WHAT FRIGHTENS YOU HERE?"  
"OH, MUMMY, IT'S SO MUCH TOO FULL!"

CHARLES DICKENS and WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, would be an act of chattering duncery and blatant buffoonery, as to the full mawkishness, madness and malignity of which I will say nothing, inasmuch as the casual reader, duped by the otiose nincompoopery of ordinary punctuation, is presumably or at least hypothetically desirous of encountering a full-stop in the course of the next ten minutes or so. Babble-tongued blitherers may in the fancied exigency of fundamental data question with the inept impertinence characteristic of the reptile-criticism of the day the infallibility of my literary pronouncements and adjudications, to which I would reply by the terse, apt, poignant, and for all practical needs and purposes sufficient rejoinder, that the prose fiction of CHARLES DICKENS is great, glorious, majestic, consummate, unparalleled, be-

neficent, and invincible, while the boobishly-lauded and inanely-extolled work of him whom squirming braggarts assert to be his not inconsiderable rival is puny, weak, bad, vulgar, repellant, abominable and several other adjectives which the purely human and subjective conceptions of time and space coerce and compel me to omit. Fulsome adulations of a swinish public bruited abroad its ignorance in the present dearth of primitive sense and intellectuality above the level of a hydrocephalous ape may be the reward of THACKERAY; for DICKENS has been reserved the noble pæan of praise from the poet's mouth sounded in the *Quarterly*, and therefore published approximately when thrice the wanton moon has waxed and waned, for which alliterative line the addleplate may turn to my poetical works, where he will not find it, *Review*.



## NOT IMMORTAL.

[The latest utterance from Mr. ROCKFELLER'S University of Chicago is found in a lecture on art and literature by WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE. He declared: "SHAKESPEARE and HOMER are not immortals, and I should be bitterly disappointed if they were. I hope that in the near future the human race will so improve in its tastes and accomplishments that SHAKESPEARE will be held unfit to read. I hope the literary world will advance so rapidly that SHAKESPEARE and HOMER will not only have no reason for being immortal, but will be even forgotten in their insignificance as compared with future writers."]

SHAKESPEARE and HOMER are doomed to obscurity—

GUTHRIE foretells it, and GUTHRIE should know!

He's of Chicago, that fountain of purity,

So, if he speaks, we may know of a surety

None can gainsay it; it's bound to be so.

Upward and onward with cool intrepidity

Climbs the American—first among men;

Up, while he mocks at his rivals' timidity—

Up, imperturbable in his placidity—

Up, till he passes clean out of our ken!

Then he looks down, and our mental obliquity

Moves to compassion his sensitive heart:

Pigmies, we worship the gods of antiquity,

He from his pedestal sees as iniquity

All that is ancient in letters or art.

Much that to groundlings is incomprehensible

Plainly is read by the lords of the skies;

We, though in darkness, are fitfully sensible

Weakness is wickedness, sloth indefensible—

Would we see visions we know we must rise.

Yes, we must strengthen our mental capacity,

Widen our landscape, and sharpen our sight;

Then we shall see what at first seemed audacity

Plainly revealed as the cultured sagacity

Born of a wedding of wisdom and light.

Then all the world will of course be unanimous,

Things will be weighed on a uniform scale;

None will be petty and none pusillanimous,

All will consider, *sans* bias and animus,

SHAKESPEARE a minnow, and GUTHRIE a whale.

Then, in the lowest and meanest society,

Thanks to Chicago's intelligent men,

There will be eagles in charming variety,

HOMER, in spite of his past notoriety,

Seeming by contrast no more than a wren.

Stratford will weep, and the GALLUP cryptology—

Liliput's strife—be an object of scorn;

Greece will deplore her denuded mythology,

HOMER from Hades will send an apology,

Sorrowing most that he ever was born.

## THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS.

## I.

THE first person to whom I broke the news, early in May, of my resolve to serve my country as a Volunteer was my wife. As a rule men who suffer from an abnormal craving for female adulation—the self-conscious roosters of the human poultry-yard—are my pet abomination. But the present occasion was, of course, exceptional. At the cost of much inconvenience and discomfort, to say nothing of danger, or, as I now know, of ridicule, I was about to qualify myself for the efficient discharge of one of the noblest duties of primitive man—the protection of the weaker sex. The fact that my wife is an exaggerated specimen of the early Edwardian young woman, with long loose limbs and a brainless passion for unintelle-

tual sports, whereas I, both physically and mentally, am the very opposite, only served to accentuate the extent of my chivalrous devotion. Clearly this was a case in which I had a right to expect, if not admiration, at least grateful sympathy. But my wife, I regret to say, did not rise to the occasion. She failed to express more than the most languid interest in my announcement.

"Really," she said, "that's very energetic of you." Then she relapsed into silence.

After a short pause, during which I endeavoured to put my wounded pride in my pocket, I returned to the charge.

"You don't seem," I remarked gently, "to understand what it is that I propose to do?"

"Oh, but I do," she answered. "I understand perfectly. But you said you had made up your mind. If you had asked me first, I should have said that it was ridiculous of you at your time of life. Won't you look rather silly? They always make the uniforms so extremely tight."

I confess that this nettled me a little. It is discouraging to have your figure and your years thrown in your face, and by your wife of all people, when from a simple feeling of duty you have made up your mind to a disagreeable course of action—one that in my case ranks about midway between going to the dentist and going to the Academy. I explained this to RUTH in somewhat terse language. Also I pointed out how the country, and, indirectly, she herself, would benefit by my resolve. "Oh, ah, the French," she said. "Well, and if they do land, you don't suppose *you* are going to make any difference! Why, you can't *see* a haystack, much less hit it. Besides, you know we are overdrawn as it is. And I suppose it will cost you pounds and pounds."

"Shillings," I replied. "Thirty-one and a-half. And I wouldn't hit a haystack if I did see it. Why should I? And, as I am going out, I may as well tell you that you appear to have been going about all day with a large smut on the end of your nose."

On the stairs I met my wife's sister. I don't know what it is in DAISY, but she always seems to understand me much better than RUTH does. So I told her about my volunteering. I daresay that I was a trifle tragic, but I think, under the circumstances, that was excusable. She put her hand to her side.

"JOSEPH!" she cried; "you're *not*!"

I nodded slowly.

"But what will RUTH say? Have you told her yet?"

"RUTH!" I repeated bitterly. "Yes, I've told her. No, she doesn't like it much. Not at all, in fact. But my mind is made up."

"Oh, but JOSEPH! dear JOSEPH!" (Here she threw her arms round my neck.) "Darling Jo!" (Here she kissed me.) "Why? Why? There isn't anything—you haven't been quarrelling with RUTH, have you?" (Here I looked pained.) "Oh, but you mustn't. I can't let you." (Here I began to feel distinctly better. This was much more the kind of thing. And how different from RUTH!) "Oh, Jo, for my sake, promise me you won't. Of course I know it's awfully dear and noble of you, and it makes me awfully proud of you, but don't you think you—aren't you a little old, and—lame and stout and—er—short-sighted? And isn't it nearly over now?"

"One at a time," I said cheerfully. "As for my age, I'm not quite in my dotage yet. And I can still see with glasses, and walk without crutches. And isn't what nearly over?"

"Why, this horrid, horrid war. Taking all our best and bravest. Oh, Jo, darling, say you won't go—for my sake!"

"Go where?" I asked.

"Why, to Africa, of course. I know it's very selfish of me, and I ought to send you out on your shield like the what's-his-name matrons, but—"





*Ducker.* "WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, MAJOR? YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY AGAIN! YOU TOLD ME THAT THE LIGHT OF YOUR LIFE HAD GONE OUT!"

*Gay Widower.* "QUITE SO; BUT NOW, YOU SEE, I AM GOING TO STRIKE ANOTHER MATCH!"

"But I'm not going to Africa."

"Not going to Africa!"

Here her arms resumed their normal position.

"Of course not. What put that in your head?"

"Why, you did. You said you were going to volunteer."

"Well, so I am. At least I'm going to be one."

"Just a common ordinary Volunteer in London?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. Yes, in London."

"Oh!" she said. "Well, no wonder RUTH doesn't like it. You *will* look silly. Fancy you in a uniform! I always thought you had a sense of humour. Why, you'll look like a—like an uncooked sausage."

"Thank you," I said; "that's enough. Even the Government draws the line at ill-manners. Besides which, my personal physique is beside the question. It is quite unimportant."

"It is," she agreed.

"The days," I went on, "the days of brute force and bayonets are over. It is the mind that counts—the mind behind the trigger. Everything else is——"

"Bosh!" said DAISY, and slammed the door in my face, leaving me no choice but to carry out my heroic resolution. The Recruit may die, but he does not retreat.

#### A TERRIBLE DOUBT.

DEAR PUNCH,—Out here in Tenerife we are still curious about the Peace Terms. We have read the account given in the London papers, but against this we have to set the authority of our local Spanish paper, *La Opinion*, which is served by a telegraphic agency with information direct from Madrid. This is what it says:—

"Se confirma la paz entre ingleses y boers."

"Las principales condiciones de dicha paz, según telegramas que se reciben, son las siguientes:

"Autonomía completa y absoluta.

"Conservar los boers sus tropas.

"Quedar libre el territorio de la república de la ocupación de las tropas inglesas, que evacuarán inmediatamente dicho territorio.

"Los boers conservarán la lengua holandesa, que será la oficial."

What are we to believe? You see, the Spaniards can have no reason for concealing the truth, whereas the English papers might have motives.

Yours dubiously, AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

MEASURE BY MEASURE.—Function of any Opposition for the time being, described by any Government for the time being:—

"To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."

*Measure for Measure*, Act III., Sc. 1.



"WHEN I FIRST PUT THIS UNIFORM ON."

Second Lieutenant Softly (vainly endeavouring to master the intricacies of his new "Sun Browne" equipment). "WISH I'D GOT THAT TAILOR FELLOW TO SHOW ME HOW THE INFERNAL THING IS PUT ON!"

#### THE LION RAMPANT.

"Look here," said the British Lion irritably, as Mr. Punch's Representative approached his den, "you're too late. I don't care whether you want me for a poem or an article, but I'm simply full up with work. Go away and see the Unicorn!"

Our Representative hastened to explain that he did not propose to ask for the Lion's services at the present time, since, doubtless, he was fairly busy.

"Busy?" returned the Royal Beast, "that's no word for it! I'm simply worn out! Think of what I've done in the last month or so. In answer to

requests from minor poets I've brandished my mane two thousand and fourteen consecutive times. No sooner have I settled down for a nap than some wretched versifier bids me awake and guard my priceless heritage, or something equally silly."

"Yes, but what would our writers do if you refused to appear in their Coronation Odes?"

"Oh," said the Lion, "anything in reason, of course, I'm willing to undertake—but when it comes to wearing a crown and brandishing my mane at the same time, it's enough to try the temper of any beast. Nowadays, too, they interfere with my domestic life. Until lately they never meddled with

this, but now they are always telling me to 'summon my cubs'—I've had to do that in twenty leading-articles during the summer, and my family don't like it—they don't indeed. Then I promised a poetess just before you came to grasp the sceptre in my massive paw, and really I've not the least idea how it's to be done. Ten to one she'll want me to roar directly afterwards—'paw'—'roar'—that's her notion of rhyme. But I won't roar. It hurts my throat horribly."

"Couldn't you engage an assistant?" asked our Representative.

"Oh, there is the Unicorn, but the lazy beast hardly helps in a sonnet, even, all the year round. People talk about the Lion's share of the work, and well they may! I believe, however, that the Dove has had a fairly busy time of it in peace poems, though, of course, I've had to appear in them as well. But I mean to go on strike soon, and then—"

At this point a keeper appeared and coughed significantly.

"Well," said the Lion sharply, "what is it? If it's another poet, tell him to go and—"

"Very sorry to trouble you, Sir," said the keeper, "but a gentleman of the name of AUSTIN is waiting to see you on business. Says it's official and most important."

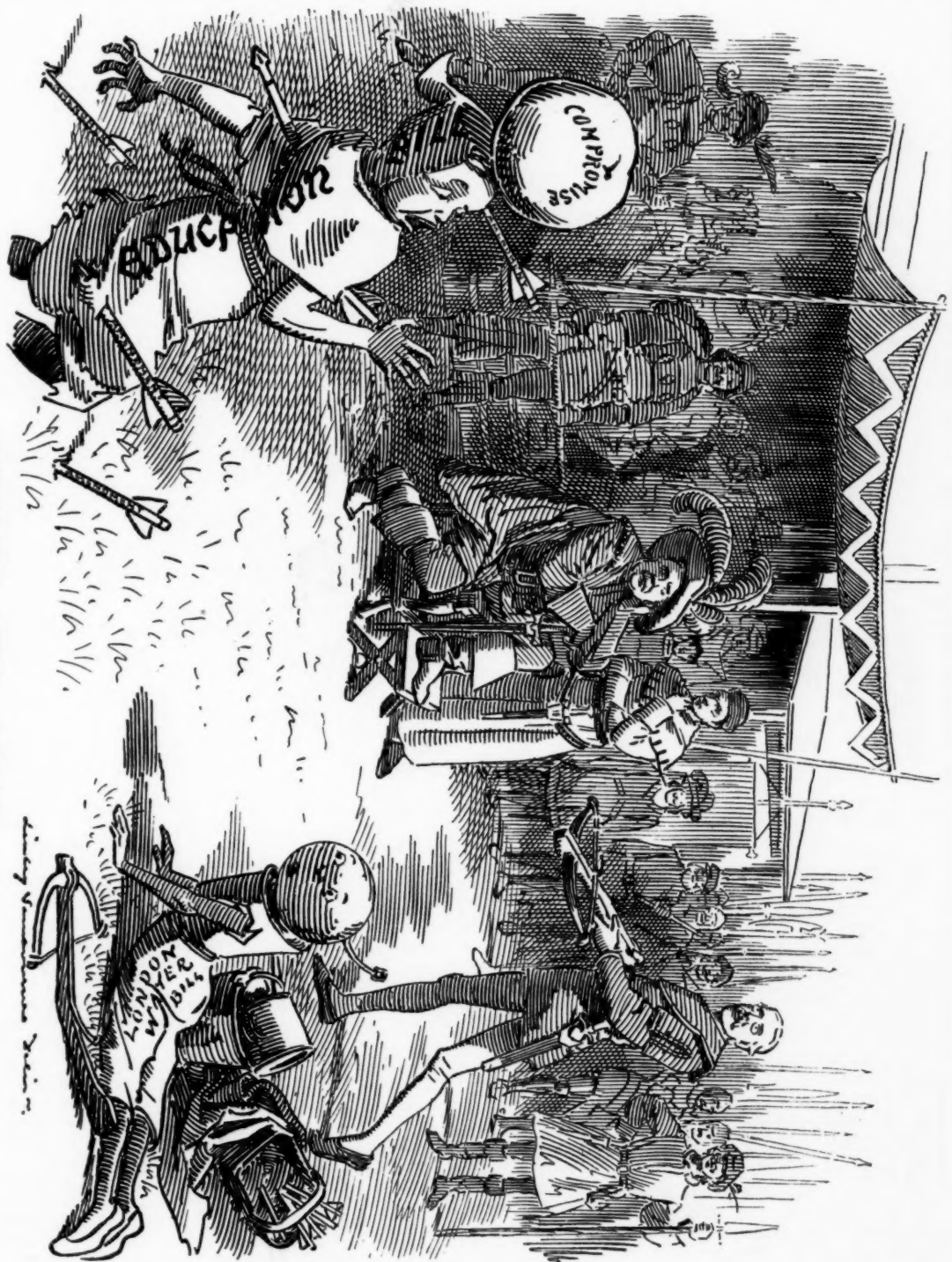
Our Representative caught sight of the Lion's expression on hearing these words, and fled.

#### CUM GRANO.

["At the Tunbridge Wells Agricultural Society's Show Lord ROSEBERY was awarded first prize for 'one pound fresh butter,' while his 'one pound fresh butter, slightly salted' was 'highly commended.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

He freely spreads his Primrose butter,  
And, when he nerves himself to utter  
The fresh and undiluted unction,  
First Prize we grant without compunc-  
But at High Commendation halt [tion.  
When he requires a grain of salt.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.—North Britons, it is said, as we consider erroneously, "joke wi' deficulty." Here is proof positive in print that they can at least make a neat pun with the greatest possible ease, for in the *Times* announcement concerning expressions of sympathy with the KING it was told how it was said by "an Aberdeen correspondent that it had been definitely decided that the KING will visit Deeside after the Coronation." This play on words, it is not unlikely, we have heard or seen before, but at all events the pun is happily applied. Many a true word is uttered in jest, and it is to be hoped that this forecast is correct.



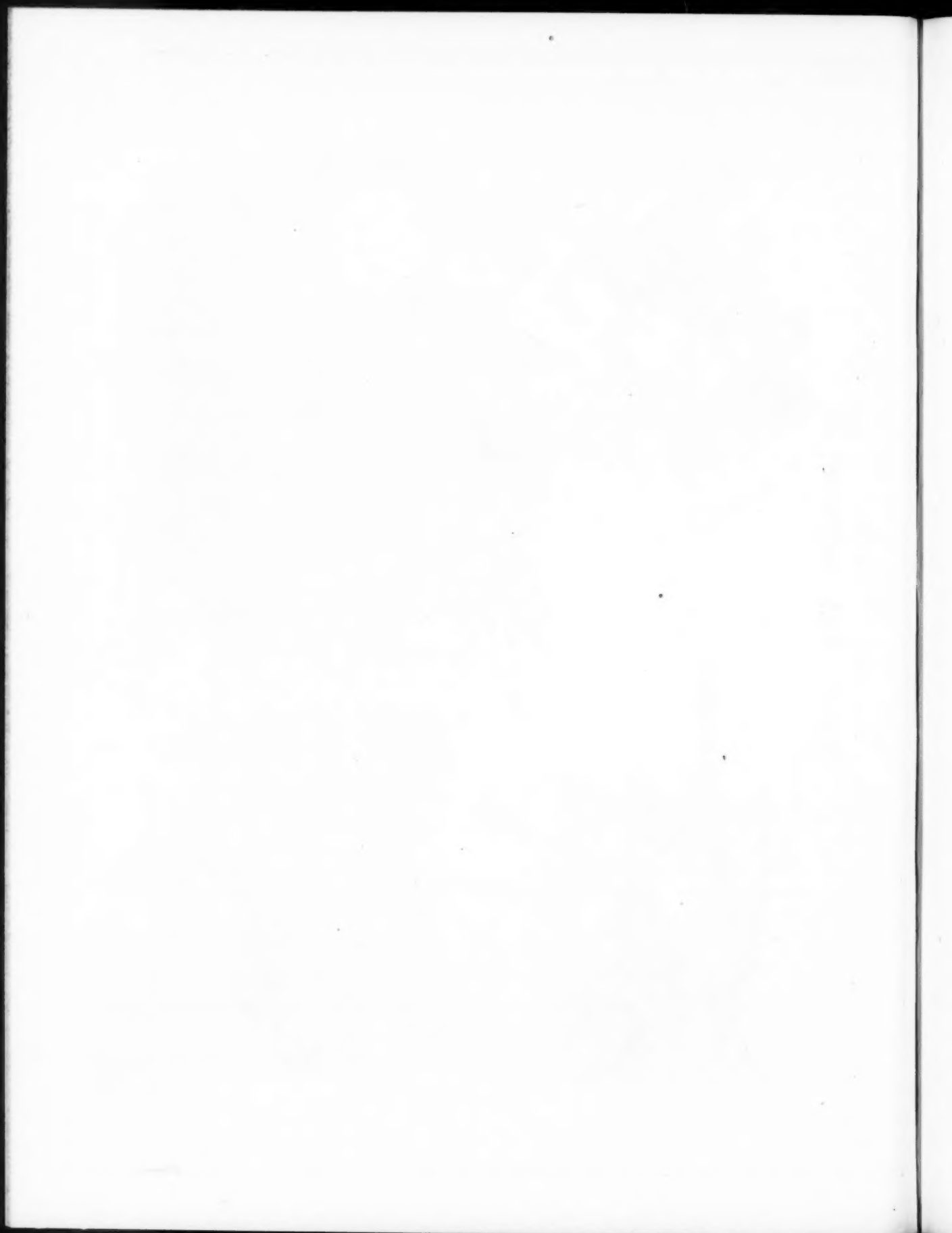
# MISSING THE APPLE.

Guest . . . Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

William Tell . . . Rt. Hon. Mr. A. J. Balfour.

His Son . . . Education Bill.

Bill (aside). "I'M SURE MY DEAR FATHER MEANS WELL, BUT ALL THIS IS VERY DISFIGURING."





**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 28.*  
—There are pained moments in the life of a Prime Minister when sense of public duty compels him to perform what at the moment seems an act almost of

MACNEILL or his attack on the Judges. What of that? Only a fresh line in advertisement.

After "with much respect" shouting disorderly speech for half an hour, throwing his arms about like an inebriated windmill, MACNEILL sat down full of content. BRODRICK made

the House of Commons. As DON JOSÉ truly said, C.-B. never allows political controversy to degenerate into personal animosity; a lesson it would be well if some would learn in their attitude towards C.-B.

In his face, pallid and a little pinched, DON JOSÉ showed some sign of his accident. His speech, an hour long, disclosed no declension of vigour. True, it was pitched on a gentler note than rang through the House when the Colonial Secretary, with back to the wall, fought for his policy and for colleagues faithfully carrying it out in South Africa.

"A little blood-letting has done him good," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, eyeing him with keen scrutiny of professional fighter.

Result proved afresh how Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War. Having won an arduous fight, his sword sheathed, his helmet now a hive for bees, DON JOSÉ breathed peace, exhaled conciliation. Characteristic of him that, midway in speech thus constructed, he pulled himself up for a word in the ear of whom it might concern.

"Our object," he said, "is to set up in South Africa that system of self-government in which we British have so much confidence. But we are not going to be hustled."

As a rule, DON JOSÉ's appearance at the Table is signal for unrest on benches opposite. The Irish incontinentally go for him; the Radicals murmur resent-

**"LONG LOST BROTHERS";**

Or, one touch of sticking-plaster makes us wondrous kind.

inhumanity. Such ordeal PRINCE ARTHUR went through to-night.

After Questions at afternoon sitting SWIFT MACNEILL obtained leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance the appointment of Commission on martial law in South Africa, which last week Mr. COGWHEEL, from another point of view, denounced as a public scandal. Sitting set apart for Committee on Education Bill. Case so urgent that Twelve o'clock Rule suspended. Members prepared to sit up through the summer night wrestling over Clause 7. Under old Rules the scatter-brained Member for South Donegal would have been master of the situation. Education Bill would needs have been put aside; precious time occupied, whilst his inordinate vanity was gratified by delivery of a speech sure to gain prominence in newspaper reports by reason of constant intervention of SPEAKER on points of order.

Happily the New Rules stepped in. By their beneficent operation afternoon sitting rescued, SWIFT MACNEILL's self-advertisement relegated to the dull hour that follows resumption of sittings at nine o'clock. Made the most of his opportunity; succeeded several times in dragging up the SPEAKER. Newspapers always report SPEAKER verbatim in first person; so it's all right for the show in to-morrow's papers. True, the House nearly empty and altogether impatient. Also C.-B. formally washed his hands of the business; would have nothing to do with SWIFT

brief reply; C.-B. washed his hands as aforesaid; and up gat JOHN DILLON. It was a few minutes to ten o'clock. DILLON good for at least an hour; more probably would make it hour and a half. REDMOND *cadet* might follow, and a new day would dawn before House allowed to take up Education Bill.

PRINCE ARTHUR moved the closure.

JOHN DILLON stood aghast. Never was man's inhumanity to man more brutally displayed. Through the dinner hour been looking forward to this opportunity. The joy of wild asses in the clover field nothing compared with taking the House of Commons by one ear, holding it whilst you pour into the other illimitable flow of verbiage. Here, at the very moment when the tap was about to be turned on, PRINCE ARTHUR plugged it.

SWIFT MACNEILL chuckled. Very sorry of course: but at least he had enjoyed his fling. Nothing could mar the pleasure of that reflection. DILLON turning sharply upon him, he adroitly ran the chuckle into a roar of "Gag! gag!" Closure carried, and business reached. But not till after two divisions and the waste of an hour and twenty minutes, a loss the House querulously toiled after, making it up in the watches of the night whilst others slept.

*Business done.*—Very little before midnight.

*Tuesday night.*—DON JOSÉ back again, bringing his scars with him. C.-B. welcomed his return in one of those genuinely warm-hearted speeches that are in tune with the best traditions of



**A NASTY ONE FROM NORTH LEEDS.**  
Liberal Majority 758.  
(Mr. B.-H.-r.)



## DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Cap'n Tommy B-wl-s reminds Mr. H-nb-ry of the good old days when they used to "do a bit" in the way of discussion.

ment; old colleagues on Front Bench opposite interpose contradiction. To-day, speaking on subject that has riven political parties, broken up family circles, estranged old friends, DON JOSÉ pleased everybody. Ministerialists were assured by his unflinching front in insisting on full exactment of terms of surrender. Liberal Imperialists found in the speech final discomfiture for their Pro-Boer brethren. Pro-Boers discovered in certain passages back-handed blows at Imperial PERKS.

Thus were Box and Cox both satisfied.

The House, as a whole, recognised true statesmanship in the terms of reference to the gallant foeman, and in the painstaking plans matured, already being carried out, for his resettlement in his old home, with even something more of the benefits of free citizenship than were enjoyed under the corrupt oligarchy of Pretoria.

*Business done.*—With reference to settlement in South Africa DON JOSÉ rises to explain.

*House of Lords, Friday night.*—COUNTY GUY beginning to discover that Leadership of House is not all beer and skittles. Here's that skittish Peer, NEWTON, in open revolt because when he put a question with respect to that Imperial measure, Local Government Provisional Orders (No. 7) Bill, there was no Minister present to reply. Business pertained to KENYON, fourth Baron, who in his person combines offices of Lord-in-Waiting to the KING and representative of Local Government Board in the Lords. KENYON not being in his place, NEWTON insisted that the Leader of House was the proper person from whom information might be sought.

Delightful to see cloud of apprehension that fell on expressive countenance of COUNTY GUY. "Come now, you know; bad enough to expect President of Council to understand (in the main) what the Cockerton Bill is about. If he is also expected to explain Provisional Orders Bill it will be time to go." All COUNTY GUY could think of at the moment was to promise that, dead or alive, KENYON should be in his place at next sitting.

Promise fulfilled. Representative of



Congratulating Ak-rs-D-gl-s on "The remarkable forgery he had produced at the west end of Westminster Abbey."

(Lord B-l-c-r-r-s.)

Local Government Board, strategically hobbling to Table, pleaded gout. A man who has spent six years in the Diplomatic service, finishing his education in the Imperial Yeomanry, not to be taken in by excuse so transparent as that. Looking LORD KENYON's thirty-eight years full in the face, NEWTON with grave irony expressed his "sympathy with the noble lord suffering from a malady which did not usually attack one so young."

That was all right. Having set these two young cocks a-fighting, COUNTY GUY relapsed into his favourite attitude of immobile observation. Still he hoped KENYON wouldn't go having the gout again when Provisional Orders Bills were to the fore.

*Business done.*—House of Commons passed 7th Clause of Education Bill, leaving the battered shape to be further dealt with in Autumn Session.

## THE CITY PRESSED.

["Imagination has never, so far, ventured to contemplate a time when the City Corporation would have to consider how to make both ends meet, yet, according to the *City Press*, that time is near at hand."—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Mansion House. Date uncertain. A newly-elected LORD MAYOR and a dejected SECRETARY consulting.

*Lord Mayor.* Then you mean to tell me that I have only £99 2s. 3d. to my credit at the present moment?

*Secretary.* Your pass-book represents the matter in that light; but we hope to raise a slight temporary loan upon your Lordship's State Bed. Your Lordship's collar of gold and diamonds, silver-gilt mace, sword and seal, are—

*Lord Mayor (hurriedly).* Quite so. Any further—ah'm—economies?

*Secretary.* Well, my Lord, if you could dispense with a State Coach, and use a four-wheeled cab, and substitute high tea for the Banquet—

*Lord Mayor.* Exactly; and the Show?

*Secretary.* I am happy to say that there will be no disappointment in that direction; indeed, a contract with an eminent firm of advertising agents awaits your Lordship's signature. The pageant would consist of ornate cars, emblematic of the history of various popular specifics. The firms represented to pay all costs.

*Lord Mayor.* Ah! I see.

*Secretary.* Further, my Lord, I suggest the opening of a Mansion House Fund in aid of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

*Lord Mayor (much relieved).* I must propose you for the Freedom of the City, or would you prefer a glass of port? I believe there is a sample bottle somewhere. [Scene closes.]



*She.* "HOW CURIOUS YOUR RACING COLOURS ARE, SIR GEORGE! ARE THEY FAST COLOURS?"  
*Sir George (who is out of luck, with feeling).* "NO, MADAM. CONFOUNDEDLY SLOW!"

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—The announcement that "PEASE AND PARTNERS LIMITED" will, at their meeting on August 6th, show a total profit of £149,205 ("the halfpenny be demm'd," said Mr. Mantalini, and acting on this businesslike sentiment we allow the shillings and pence to take care of themselves), suggests that the occasion offers an excellent opportunity for altering the title of their Company to "*Pease and Plenty Ltd.*" The above-mentioned happy result the PEASE CO. will celebrate with "a regular Beano!"

LORD KITCHENER'S TITLE.—New Patent and Title registered as "The Soldier's Kit"—absolutely indispensable for War or Peace. Some extracts from the Press:—

"Thorough throughout. For use, not for show."

"Will stand any amount of hard work and knocking about. Always ready."

"Packed with skill, judgment, and tact."

"Highly approved of by the King, the Army, the Nation, and Mr. Punch."



## THE LANGUAGE PARAMOUNT.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Harland.)

## CHAPTER III.

It was half-past four on the morning of April 27. The rising sun was ruling the country-side with rays of red—like ledger-lines, and the damp earth sent up a thick pink vapour. Above, the air full of birds, like an aspic of quails, shook and trembled with their song. The tern, the willywicket, the woodpecker, the hornfinch, the bean-crake, mingled their strenuous peans with the sad gasp of the mute swan. ANTHONY had had a bad night. He groped his way along the dark corridors, past ADRIAN'S door—outside of which lay in disorder that eccentric genius's loose white suit with the Toby collar and his sugar-loaf felt hat—down the old oak staircase, on to the kitchen. It was St. Zita's day, and the servants had decorated the *cucina* over-night with calceolaria, fuchsias, love-in-the-mist, pelargoniums, and various kinds of peonies: Mme. Tournier, rosy flesh and soft sulphur; Mme. Furtado, tinted salmon-rose; and Lord Salisbury, rich crimson—all quite distinct free-flowering varieties.

"If yesterday hadn't been Friday," ANTHONY murmured to himself, "I might have been able to hold out till breakfast!" And he steered for the red earthenware bread-basket.

"WATTEAU—she bumps!"

It was the voice of SUSANNA. She was seated aloft, on the top of the dresser. Over her night-robe she had thrown a light fawn-coloured wrap—or was it a waterproof?—which she had tied round at the waist with a sash of the Papal colours. The deep ophicleide notes of her voice quivered through ANTHONY like so many augers.

"Her voice is like a muffled dinner-bell," mused ANTHONY, "or the siren of your ship when it's coming home." Aloud he said, "How do people propose? In real life I mean; that is to say, in novels, because life outside novels isn't really real, is it?"

"It depends on the people, or on one of them," said SUSANNA. And she looked down upon him, pityingly, deferentially, wonderingly, yet with a mischievous glow at the back of her eyes.

"Her eyes are like two fire-flies in a butterfly-net!" thought ANTHONY. "I only know one of them," he said, "the male one, and I've prejudices with regard to him. If you were half a chap, you'd tell me who the other one is—I mean the girl, or the angel, or the little cherub, or whatever she is." And he looked up aloft.

"Please, I'm the new lodger," crooned

SUSANNA. And the crimson colour welled up into her face as she dropped her eyes on to her little white toes, which were looking up at her like ten tiny silkworms. "I'm the second-floor back," she added. And she laughed—in the sleeve of her Aquascutum. "Her laugh," thought ANTHONY, "is like the sound of Best Silkstone coals pouring into a marble cellar!" Then after a pause, he asked her, "Why are you sitting up there?"

"Look!" she said. And she pointed to the floor. "I don't know how you call them—*il searaffaggio*!"

ANTHONY looked. A huge cockroach was hurrying along the whitened pavement, his little red legs straining on either side of the polished pent-house of his tortoise-shell wings, like the oars of a Roman galley. His *antennæ* were alternately curved backwards or pointing forward towards a certain deal box ahead of him, shaped like an apexless pyramid.

"Don't tread on him!" cried SUSANNA.

"I wasn't going to," replied ANTHONY. "He's heading straight for the trap."

## CHAPTER IV.

And later the summer came. SUSANNA and ANTHONY were seated on the family tomb of the VALDESCHI in Sanpaolo's Churchyard. She had been telling him the history of the family from the earliest times—the plot, really, which nobody needed, had she but known. The sky was blue, the corn yellow, the poppies red, and a brown brook babbled and guggled close to them. The sun was hovering over the horizon—ready to rise or set at the whim of the novelist. Bees and locusts and cockchafers were boring passages through the teeming atmosphere, which was heavy with the scent of sage, cipolla, mint, thyme, tarragon and wild garlic.

"Then came the terrible persecutions in 1813—when URBAN THE SIXTH, through the machinations of SAVONAROLA, was kidnapped and carried off to Avignon by the mercenaries of GARIBALDI"—SUSANNA went on. ANTHONY lay by her side, his eyes closed, his chest rising and falling—rhythmically—to the music of her voice. "GUIDO'S step-mother having married his late mother's first husband, his younger brother became as it were heir presumptive. Oh, it was pitiful!" SUSANNA rose as she wailed these last words, her tiny fist clenched until the almond nails became outlined—dimly—through the opalescent oyster-white backs of her hands. Her eyes rose simultaneously, skywards, like war-balloons (but Raillery sat in the car!) Then her face closed—suddenly, blackly—like a Gibus when the glass of a Hansom cab has accidentally fallen upon it, and she gave a low moan.

"Was that dinner—or only the dressing-gong?" asked ANTHONY, starting into a sitting position.

"You were asleep!" cried SUSANNA, flashing a whimsical little smile into his left eye (which he presently removed—surreptitiously—with the corner of his pocket-handkerchief).

"I was never really awake—until I met you," replied ANTHONY, evading her imputation. "It's rather rummy, when you come to think it over—" he went on—she listening with eagerness, but her mischievous little mouth twitched nervously now and then, like that of a circus horse with an uncomfortable bit. "Baby Man is lulled to sleep by the nurse-maid—and Middle-aged Man is called in the morning by the *schiafetina* who brings him his *copa di té*, and his *bagno caldo*! Woman's work is never done! I wonder how far we've got into our story?" he suddenly broke off. "You've no idea, I suppose, how many words I've said to you?"

"Why?" asked SUSANNA. And the rosy rays of the rising sun—or the crimson beams of the *tramontare del sole*—whichever they chanced to be—bronzed the bloom on her puce-coloured hair.

"Because there's something I've got to tell you—when I've said a great many more words to lead up to it," ANTHONY explained. As he spoke he threw half a brick into the brown brooklet, which sent the newts and the stickleback scudding in a thousand directions.

"Have you ever talked to any other woman like this?" inquired SUSANNA.

And her voice sounded this time from somewhere down—but right down—in the very underground depths of her heart, as though HOFFMANN were playing a nocturne to the gas-meter. For a moment ANTHONY paused and watched the fish. His mind carried him back to an open glade leading up to a castle with fir trees, and an English Princessa and cataracts, and himself on the wrong side of them. But at this moment over the brow of the hill appeared ADRIAN, ambling along in a loosely-fitting livery of the VALDESCHI, and with him, bearing his snuff-box and the marriage licence, moved the CARDINAL, wearing his rochet, alb, amice, chasuble, dalmatic, and cope, all at once.

"I knew it," cried ADRIAN on a key of reminiscence; "I have talked to just such another woman just like this. You see, there's only one really nice story in the world, and it's Anglo-Italian, and it's been told already once, but it is as gay and as dainty and as diverting as ever."

"Life is nothing but vain repetition," said SUSANNA. "*Parole! Parole!*"

"*In sæcula sæculorum!*" observed the CARDINAL.



## SCOTLAND YET.

WHAT 's a' the steer? Why, man, ye see,  
Kinghorn is on its mettle,  
The connysoor o' ilka ee  
Frae Anster tae Kingskettle.  
We'll show the warl' a twa-three things  
An' let it ken the morn, man,  
What way we coronate oor kings  
In loyal auld Kinghorn, man.

There'll be the Provost, robes an' a'—  
'Twill be as guid 's a play, Sir:  
I'm tell't he's boucht a dicky braw  
In honour o' the day, Sir.  
Then, dressed in a' their Sabbath coats,  
Wi' collars newly stairchit  
An' stickin' up intil their throats,  
The Bailies will be mairchit.

An' next the Toon Brass Band ye'll see,  
In scarlet coats an' braid tae,  
An' then the hale I. O. G. T.,  
Forbye the Fire Brigade tae.  
There'll be an awfu' crood, ye ken,  
Sae, as we mairch along, man,  
We'll hae twa extry policemen  
Tae clear awa' the thrang, man.

An' then at nicht—why, ilka ane  
Has emptied oot his pockets,  
An' mony a guid bawbee has gaen  
In crackers, squibs an' rockets.  
Eh, but I'd tak' my aith on this—  
The King 'll be gey sweer, man,  
Tae bide at hame the morn an' miss  
Oor collieshangie here, man.

Although I'm tell't in Lunnon tae  
They've got a Coronation,  
An' even Cockneys mean tae hae  
Their wee bit celebration;  
But eh! I doot yon show 'll be  
Disjaskit an' forlorn, man,  
Beside the bonny sights ye'll see  
In loyal auld Kinghorn, man.

## WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(Mr. Punch's Apocryphal Autobiographies.)

## III.—DR. R-B-R-T-S-N N-C-L-L.

I WAS born in the old Kentish town of Auchterlochty fifty-one years ago. The house still stands midway between the kirk and the bookshop, and there is talk of turning it into a Nicoll or Dime Museum, to be opened with suitable addresses by my spherical friend Mr. SHORTER, and my gifted colleague Signor LAGO MAGGIORE, alias Major POND.

The earliest thing I recollect is being held at a window in Thrums to see Mr. A. P. WATT go by. He was dressed simply in a long tartan frock, with accordion-pleated sleeves; his right hand held a rattle, his left a roll of paper. He could hardly have been pinker. He caught my eye as he passed, in his nurse's arms, and we have been friends ever since.



## FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Bobby. "MA, MAKE PA CARRY ME TOO

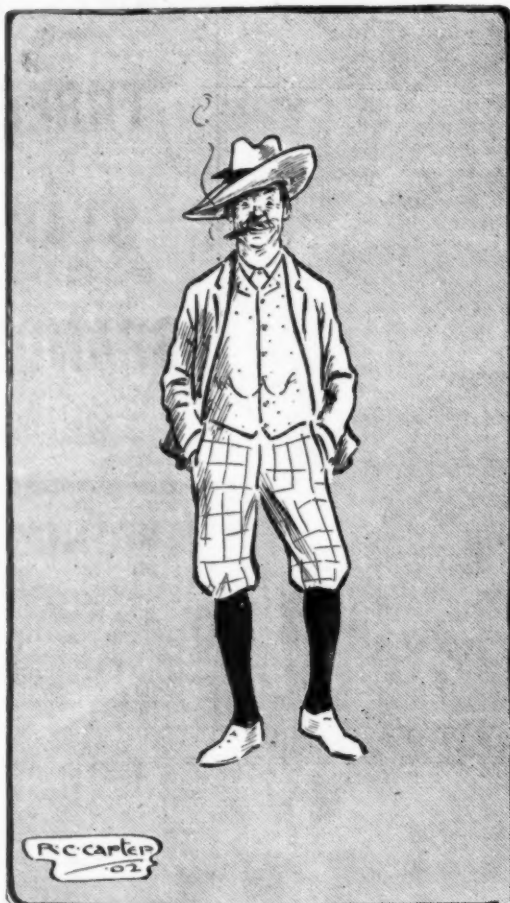
I am told that I was a precocious child. I soon mastered the Shorter Catechism and preached sermons from a hassock in the nursery, and every Sunday afternoon I composed a piece of verse. Instead of reading the foolish books that are usually given to children I spent hours over the *Spectator* and *Quarterly Review*. Not that I gave all my time to reading; on the contrary, I was devoted to bird's-nesting, and am still a profound o-logist.

At school there was nothing about my school-fellows that I did not know, with the result that I was known as the boy who Kent. Later I modified this old nickname into the man of Kent, but the signification remains the same.

My proficiency in journalism has not come easily. It had to be toiled for. At first I could write only one review of a book, but gradually I learned to write two, three, four, five, and even six; and this, too, without duplicating a sentence. Ah, me! Why is there no Victoria Cross for the heroisms of peace? I shall never forget the night when I finished my first sixth-review. "Henceforward," I exclaimed, "my path is Clear."

Need I say more? Is not the remainder recorded in the pages of the *British Weekly* and the *Bookman*, the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Sketch*, the *Expositor* and the *Woman at Home*? R. N.

## BANK HOLIDAY STUDIES.



'Appy' Arry—

"WITH MY NEW PANAMA-A-AR  
AND TUFF'NY CIGA-A-AR."

## OPERATIC NOTES.

"Finals."—Opera for this season is over. "After the Opera's over," as the old song had it, then come the reflections. Good season? Bad season? Well, all things considered, including Coronational disappointments, a very fair season. At least it has produced one thing absolutely unique, and that is *Der Wald*, the work of an English composeress rejoicing in the British name of SMYTHE, which after all is only SMITH "writ large." We have welcomed—"Place aux dames"—Miss MARY GARDEN and Frau LOHSE. The work of composer BUNNING—"he's English too"—we have noticed, and can say "Glad to hear from you again, Sir—only, go one or two better." Madame MELBA is the bright particular star that brighter and brighter shines, season after season, while CALVÉ, just a wee bit uncertain in her singing, is, histrionically at all events, a joy for ever.

What more remains to be written, except that Messrs. RENDLE and FORSYTH, with Mr. NEILSON, the stage manager, have temporarily joined the "Moody-Manners" Company (would for the sake of lightness, brightness and politeness in "Company manners" it would change its style and title!), and are giving a season of operas at popular prices,

to which, as a trial trip with an idea of permanency, we wish every success.

With a promising (and performing) company, these managers propose giving several most popular operas (in English); also an opera, as yet untitled, by Pizzi. If the subject of the opera be classical and can be called *Cato*, then the name of composer and opera would suggest the lightest possible touch in combination as *Pizzi-Cato*. So ends the Opera Season, and so begins another. "One down t'other come on."

## HISTORY (PICKWICKIAN) REPEATS ITSELF.

LAST week the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* gave a short account of the visit of "the distinguished Japanese statesman, Count MATSUGATA," to the Russian capital. "The Count," he wrote, "proposes to spend a week or ten days in Russia, and will devote the time to acquiring as much information as possible both from official and from other sources with regard to the foreign policy and the internal condition of the Empire." Does not this remind us of Mr. Pickwick's interview with Count Smortkork at Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden party?

"Have you been long in England?" inquired Mr. Pickwick of the illustrious foreigner.

"Long—ver long time—fortnight—more."

"Do you stay here long?"—"One week."

"You will have enough to do," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling, "to gather all the materials you want in that time."

"Eh, they are gathered," said the Count.

"Indeed!" said Mr. PICKWICK.

"They are here," added the Count, tapping his forehead significantly. "Large book at home—full of notes—music, picture, science, poetry, politics; all tings."

A reference to the chapter from which this is an excerpt will show what were the notes made by the Count of "information received" and the style and manner of his entries. We wish Count MATSUGATA every success and "a good time" in Petersburg, so that, on his leaving, his favoured acquaintances may sing his praises as did Mrs. LEO HUNTER and "a chorus of bystanders." "Wonderful man, Count SMORTKORK!" "Sound Philosopher," said Mr. Pott. "Clear-headed, strong-minded person," added Mr. Snodgrass.



'ABBY'S AUNT UPON THE CLIFF.

A Study in perspective done by 'Arry with a 'and camera.